Actress at Odds With Novelist: Books on Various Subjects

Actress Takes Up Cudgel in Defense of American Wives

Newton Fuessle's Portrayal, in "Gold Shod," of Women as Cold Materialists Is Called Dangerous

By Marjorie Rambeau

of their husbands, entirely regard. take chances that the male would and s of whether their husbands are does instinctively run from. It takes

persuades most readers into agree- form. ae danger in a novel like "Gold Shod" that it is likely to be accepted as an pretation of American wives gen-

whose husband is willing to hew out an artistic career for himself. all usually employ all their cunning

But I cannot agree with the author a millionaire. hetic to, and understanding of, man's psychology he is apt to be. In my present play, "Daddy's Gone

whelms the wife is motivated ely by her determination to efface

al ambitions for her men folks; but the decrees of the Legisla

Fourth Large

Printing

THINE that American women tion that even the inherent conservashould nurse a long grudge tism of women makes them intent upon against Newton Fuessle for writ- safeguarding their material welfare at the expense of more artistic pursuits. This nevel advances the thesis that Women are actually the great radicals. rican wives are concerned, first of Their gender is one of risks and danwith making successful business gers. The female of any species will

peramentally fitted or unfitted for more nerve to bear a child than to engage in sword play. the novelist discloses his point of its forceful disclosure of women's tenthe flowers and convincingly that dency to drive their husbands to per-Thousands of men have been driven by their wives to high deeds in business, not because of feminine thirst for wealth, but because of the primally instead of as merely the story their husbands adorned by the plumitive desires of some women to see that American wives are intensely right willingness to make sacrifices and age of achievement. But for downthe to endure tragedy watch the woman

resourcefulness to promote the going assumption that Wall Street is There is entirely too much easyreses of their men. This may not full of business men who might have been great artists. No dabbler, diletands as a satisfaction to their own tante nor dreamer has the stuff in mity and to their craving for distincinto the case of Mr. Fuessle's charart requires. The hero of "Gold Shod" seter. Beth, it certainly was not love, was not kept from being an artist by for Fielding, her husband, that made his materialistic wife, but by his own

"Gold Shod" as to the 'general ob- So, I don't agree with Mr. Fuessle's tive of wives' ambitions for their analysis of the motives and ideals of leon found little difficulty in restoring shands. On the contrary, I believe American women, but I do think that political absolutism; the Bourbons get or open ambitions to see her tives. "Gold Shod" is an unusually the Bourbons made any effort to reashand develop talent for one of the absorbing book, whether one agrees store the feudal system which had exse arts. Primitive women used to with the author or not-a book that isted prior to 1789. y: "How strong you are!" - and holds the interest throughout. And no at symbolized their love. When a man or woman can afford not to read antly provided with references, both adern woman says: "Why don't you it, because it points out a real danger to such original sources as the peasant My rite a book?" It is a sure sign that which an honest interpretation of the cahiers, or statements of grievances, adores her husband. It is amazing aims and goals of the individual would and to the best modern authorities on how blindly a woman will cling to a entirely eliminate. It resolves itself the agrarian problems of revolutionary mius, either with or without the into the question of whether Ameri- France, gives a clear account of the entit of wedlock. Let a woman dis- can women want to be indicted as character of the feudal system and of wer artistic talent, even if only of a material slave drivers or as a stimulus the processes which entered into its ceble kind, in her husband, and she to urging a man to be true to himself, abolition. It is a competent, scholarly,

Gains of French Peasant day France. Analyzed

Hunting," Zoe Akins has developed THE FALL OF FEUDALISM IN FRANCE.

By Sydney Herbert. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, \$2.75. OST historians of the French Revolution have been inclined

air example—that is to say, a type of the capital, but in the provinces. Feumodern warfare, with extensive chaping off the alliance with Germany, on dalism in France was not destroyed by ters on chlorine, phosgene, lachrymo- making a separate peace with the Al woman in my play is a much more and the Convention, or even by the cendiary materials and all the other Slovak and South Slav portions of the summary guillotining of the more obinfernal combinations invented to disempire, on enlarging the franchise and The other type, already vanishing, is jectionable aristocrats. It was overable and kill men speedily and in the introducing everywhere a fuller measdestined to disappear entirely, because thrown as a result of a multitude of largest numbers in a given time. Every ure of political freedom and self-govit is an unnatural type, in basic con- obscure peasant insurrections, which man interested in the disarmament ernment. The initiative in the sep-

1 cannot agree with Mr. Fuessle's no- The acquisition of land and freedom tion of war and its horrors.





When I endeavour to The late King Edward, strange to say The picture, of its own accord, Turns into that of James L. Ford .-

To THE LEFT—Hugh Walpole, author of "The Young Enchanted" (Doran), a novel of London life. To the right—Cartoon of James L. Ford, author of "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop" (Dutton), drawn by Oliver Herford.

by the peasants was the one notable was never seriously challenged by subsequent governmental changes. Napo-

Mr. Herbert, whose work is abundimpartial book, admirably calculated to economic characteristics of present-

Chemicals in War

keyolution have been inclined to efface or own prejudices in a blind and to concentrate their attention ances to attain fame as an artist, ances to attain fame as an artist, and the movement is largely summed up in Robespierre's implacable fanaticism, Danton's oratory and the more this art.

American commercialism may possible and the more by have developed a type of woman of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the farly in "Gold Shod" is a spice of the serior of the se may move in a wall toward the aboli-

his materialistic wife, but by his own conviction that it was easier to become achievement of the revolution which that it was easier to become The Austro-Hungarian Dynasty

the world who does not harbor either medium by which to display these mo-Leaders and Political Events in Dual Monarchy

By William L. McPherson

see it and make it expand. I think Land and Freedom the revolutionary drama in Paris and takes on a highly contemporaneous in- he fought against Germany's fatal de-Dual Monarchy He was fitted to be iron nature weakened and confessed move is white and clear and stainless. CHEMICAL WARFARE. By Amos A.

Fries and Clarence J. West. Published by McGraw-Hill Book Company.

We are beaten on the floor of the Hungarian magnates who sympathical the pure, clean love of Delegates. Here THERE is a curious and decidedly Hungarian magnates who sympathized is another picture of him, throwing a manly man for a womanly woman. unhappy slant in this book. It is unreservedly with Charles's desire to curious light on his naïve Hungarian There is a wealth of humor, a pleni-

flict with the creative function of wom- resulted in the burning of chateaux conference should get a copy of this arate peace negotiations through Prince ankind. For the creative function is and the flat refusal to pay the oppresdence on Germany and to recognize by political reforms the sufferings and heroic endurance of his unfortunate people. The trouble was that he was pliable and vacillating and was served by statesmen, and soldiers faithful to the old regime, narrow-minded, obstinate and incurably bureaucratic. They either craftily opposed his

> Windischgraetz was a man after the Emperor-King's heart. He had traveled point in the history of the origins of around the world, acquired liberal the war: ideas and was painfully conscious of the breakdown of the old imperial machine. Francis Joseph's one idea had been to divide and rule. He played off one kingdom against the other. He let no department head know what another department head was doing. The general staff and the Foreign Office worked at cross purposes. No bureaucrat was allowed to have any opinions or exert any influence outside his own limited sphere. All the threads were gathered up in the hands of the infirm and over-burdened old Emperor. When the war came there was no possibility of real unification of administration. Austria-Hungary drifted along to ruin, tied hand and foot by the Hapsburg

policies or executed them bunglingly.

Windischgraetz fought gallantly at the front. He also sat in the Hungarian Parliament, and for the last two years of the war held the important post of Hungarian Food Administrator. He speaks with contempt of the Austrian high command-and of most of the Hungarian and Austrian statesmen. He is a bitter critic of Karolvi. whom he accuses of conspiring with the Bolshevists to overturn the monarchy in Hungary, Buriai, he says, was incompetent, and Czernin an un-dependable Prime Minister who played A N IMPOVERISHED sensualist who In the United States, Great Britain, fast and lose with his imperial master. all through the war over the question of extending the franchise, oblivious of all larger considerations of national

was in opposition to Tisza on the fran- kind of story, but the narrative itself J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILA. chise issue. The old man was a reac- exhibits few pages of good writing.

tionary on this and was unwilling to Y MEMOIRS. By Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz. Translated by Constance ly to the non-Hungarian elements. But session with "gentlemen, you may by the control of TITH Charles of Hapsburg's to his force and energy. He was the rights to the crown of St. lion whose claws everybody dreaded. precisely such persons as we certainly Stephen forfeited and him- Even those who hated him admired him. know to have lived, loved, jested, toiled self and his wife on their He was a firm supporter of the Ger- and suffered in thousands of British way to exile in Funchal, Prince Lud-wig Windischgraetz's "My Memoirs" the advised moderating of Armageddon. terest. Windischgraetz was one of the cision to renew unrestricted submarine lence: that while the blood of every man close friends and advisers of the young dischgraetz draws a pathetic picture of above rather than below eighty to the warfare on February 1, 1917. (Win- and woman is red and hot, with pulses Emperor-King in the last years of the him in the closing days when this minute, the light in which they live and

> in his shirtsleeves in front of the conductor, who was fiddling away with his orchestra for bare life, and dancing. There were no women present, only myself and the two or three other men of the party, but Tisza, the gray-haired old man—he was long past fifty, the highest official in the land, Prime Minister—was dancing, lost in thought, speechless, bewitched and fired by the rhythms which are the breath of life to Hungarians. We sat in a corner and at which are the breath of life to Hungarians. We sat in a corner and ate and drank and talked interminably. Only Tisza danced. Alone, for four whole hours without intermission, engrossed in the thoughts the gypsy music set going in his Hungarian brain. Now and again he looked at the conductor with his large eyes—the dark gypsy instantly divined what was wanted, changed the key, started another and yet another song, always a Hungarian song."
>
> Think of Bethmann-Hollweg or As-Think of Bethmann-Hollweg or Asquith or Clemenceau in such a role!

Here is a contribution on a vexed

the war:

"Long, long afterwards—in the interval the war had been lost and the monarchy had fallen to pieces—my cousin Berchtold told me at my villa at Clarens of an important episode which had occurred at that time, that is, July 30, 1914. Bethmann-Hollweghad been asked by the English government to forward Grey's proposal to the Austrian Foreign Minister and to try to persuade the Ballplatz to modify the ultimathm to Serbia. "Berchtold was lunching with Tchirschky, the German Ambassador, when the telegram arrived. Tschirschky was not enchanted with this proposal, nor was Berchtold; they would rather have compelled Serbia to capitulate unconditionally. Berchtold admitted this quite calmly. But this request of Grey's could not be refused without further ado. Berchtold, therefore, went at once to the Emperor, who said: 'Yes, but I must first ask Tisza.'

"Tisza was asked by telephone and gave his consent. The note went to Berlin in the evening.

"In the meantime Berlin was already far advanced with mobilization. Francis Joseph's conciliatory attitude was inopportune. In Berlin they wanted war. And the note was not forwarded to England."

A Charmed Retreat

stealing his money and his mistress, In Hungary the Legislature squabbled furnishes the motif for this novel. Frank Cramer becomes the tool of Wertheim through the above-mentioned crime and is made to learn the wages of sin. His wife and child are personal reasons until a few weeks be- last he drinks the final dregs of degrafore the crash, figures largely in the dation. His wife's struggles to help book. But the towering figure in it him, her bravery and good sense, make of Man." the author has written a striking contrast to his weakness and its two for years held Hungary in degeneracy. The plot is an excellent malled to any one who wishes to read it. the hollow of his hand. Windischgraetz one, superior to the average of this

and Red Blood

incisiveness of epigram which Swift

would have envied, he argues for the

writing of novels at least touching upon

the war. Then, lest the skeptical

reader may say with a shrug, "Oh,

that's all very well, but you just can't

make war stories interesting any

more!" He goes ahead and does it.

And if "The Willing Horse" is not an

interesting novel, then neither is any

work of fiction that has been produced

We must remember that the war

was not all at the front. It was in

every home, every heart, every life.

That is the aspect of it for which the

author of "The First Hundred Thou-

sand" has regard in this latest book of

his. He aims to depict the life of

Britain in war time, the every-day

life, the intimate domestic life of real

men and real women, instinct at once

with passion and with patriotism, now

touched with humor and now exalted

with heroism. In such a drama the

war is an incident, or a circumstance,

and nothing more. Humanity is the

There is, as might always be ex-

pected in the writings of a man of ac-

tion, an abundance of incident, some-

times dramatic, sometimes tinged with

pathos or tragedy, but often marked with a vein of humor which for spon-

taneity, freshness and that indescrib-

able blending of the subtle and the

obvious which is one of the rarest

nallmarks of genius is not surpassed

by any writer of our day. Nor does

venting artificial characters and situa-

tions just for the sake of humor. The

tude of witticisms, but there is no one double entendre of potential prurience. There is direct contact with the war at the battle front, with much of its majesty, pathos and terror, but not a word of merely clinical horrors. There is strength enough, virility enough, to satisfy the most robust

eternal fact that a scene to be strong

to be clean need not be a mollycoddle

vindicated. There has been a war,

and the people now best worth writing

about and reading about are those who

gave body, soul-everything-to win

to a frequent succession of war novels,

if only they possess the style and

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spirit of "The Willing Horse,"

that war. Readers who are worth writing for will not in our time object

Yes, the author's initial argument is

this century.

tory note, written in a whimsical humor worthy of Lamb and an

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